

BANNER OF PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

NO. 11.

LITERARY.

A Dream of Heaven.

BY KARRIE CARLTON.

I dreamed. Life's long, unrestful, feverish day
For me was done, and when I fell or fell,
The task was o'er—Death kindly gave me sleep.
Apart I stood, and gave a lingering look
At the worn body, which so long had been
My dwelling-place, and pity heaved a sigh.
Where were the sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks—
The soft, brown, silky tresses, and the limbs
Rounded and fair, which I had seen full of
Reflected in the flattering mirror of
A lover's eye? Before me lay a form
Shrunken and old; the thin, wan face was carved
With many a line and wrinkle by the hand
Of Care, and Suffering's seal was set upon
The brow indelibly; the faded lips
Wore thin and starved, as they had begged for love
And drank alone its bitterness; the hair,
Lusterless now, lay hidden 'neath the drifts
Of Time's unmelting snows; and wondering much
If such a way-worn traveler might pass
The pearly gates—A heavenward turn.

Before me lay outstretched the vernal fields
Of immortality, and spicy groves
Flung burdens of perfume on every breeze.
My fainting spirit—faint with earthly toil—
Pressed forward eagerly; for if the verge
Of Paradise so glorious is, what must
It be to pass the gates of pearl?

I paused,
Amazed and startled by the vision that
Dawned on my wondering eyes. From out a grove,
That lay between me and the jasper wall,
A form approached, more beautiful to view
Than ever beauty dawned upon the poet's mind.
Though drunk with that fierce drug which mingles so
"Honey of Paradise" with "dew of hell."
His brow was broad and high; his head
Poised on his snow-white shoulders with the grace
Of a young god; his gleaming golden hair
Waved round him like the feathery tassels of
The ripening corn; celestial was the smile
That lit his face of beauty most divine.
His drapery was purity itself;
And 'neath its shining folds his rounded limbs,
Molded in more than earthly symmetry,
Revealed the glory of the sons of heaven.

"Some wandering archangel!" said my soul;
And down I bent my brow upon the sod,
As all unworthy to look on his face.

Upon the ambient air a voice there fell,
More potent in its spell than all the strains
Of earthly music that the soul can thrill;
One word broke from his lips—"Mother!"

"Mother!"
And dumb with awe, my wondering eyes gazed on;
My soul stood panting at this first sweet draught
Of heavenly bliss. He spoke again: "On earth,

I wore the form of a pale, suffering child,
And your arms cradled me; on your white breast
I lay, and drank the fountain of your life,
Of all your little brood the weakest one.
So, mother like, you gave me the most love,
And pined to see me suffer, but
Broke your own heart when I was eased from pain.
Mother, look up! he who would lead you now
Is your lost 'Golden Hair'—not lost, but gone
Before."

I walked again to life. But who
Shall say my spirit has not trod the plains
Of immortality, with shining feet?
And who shall say it does not compensate
For all the pain, and woe, and death, to give
An angel to the skies?

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom cell, and cluster there."—Mrs. W. W. W.

When the passengers returned to the coach, it
so happened that the place beside Olive on the
middle seat became vacant; and though the seat
which he had formerly occupied was still free, the
stranger—we have as yet no better name—quite
unexpectedly to all parties, took the first. Olive
really believed she was going to faint, when she
first found herself, side by side, with one whose
presence affected her so powerfully. She trem-
bled, indeed, that she dropped the beautiful bead-
bag, which was a parting gift from Mrs. Holmes,
and was wrought with her own hands. Before
she could regain it, he had intercepted her hand,
and lifting it, put the string over his arm, saying
quietly, at the same time, "Let me be keeper of
the private purse."

There was something so kind and genial in his
manner, and his very calmness gave such a subdu-
ing and strengthening tone in it, that Olive, uncon-
sciously, fell into sympathy with it. She had, in-
deed, blushed vividly at his request and appropri-
ation; but he appeared so politely unconscious of
her confusion, as he fell into a perusal of the bag,
which was adorned with a very good sketch of
Elmside, that she became quiet and self-assured,
although she knew that Argus might have been
represented in each of the four eyes, that shot
envious and evil glances at her from the opposite
seat.

At first he spoke of the design on the bag. Was
it a real scene, or made from an original drawing?
There was something—a kind of character, so to
speak, in the delineation, which gave it an impres-

sion of reality. And it was beautiful, too! Per-
haps it was her home?

It was, indeed, she answered; and then, almost
unconsciously, she fell into the descriptive spirit,
and began pointing out her favorite places.
And might he be permitted to ask—he was
told in fact that questions were the custom of the
country—with a glance at the ladies opposite;
but whether for confirmation, or illustration, did
not precisely appear. And then he fell into a dis-
course concerning the sweets of solitude in gen-
eral, and the retirement of such a place as that, in
particular. How lovely it would be to live and die
in such a happy spot, could there be only one other
being present, with a loving heart, and an inform-
ing soul, to warm, and cheer, and inspire the
whole! As he said this, he looked up, involun-
tarily, as if expecting a response; and then he saw
that the large, loving eyes were filled with tears;
for she was thinking then, truly, how much of
kindness, nobleness, and love, bound her to that
place, and made it home.

With a quick instinct, that felt itself on delicate
ground, he slid gracefully into other themes.
With the ease of a highly-toned gentleman, and
an admirable tact that seemed to be a feature of
his genius, he could hit at once precisely the right
train of thought. The landscape on the bag, to
which he again referred, supplied him with a lead-
er. From that he branched out into the fine arts
in general, and at length came down to poetry in
particular. She forgot her diffidence, her fears,
her remorse. She forgot everything but the deli-
cious consciousness of being present, as it were,
heart to heart, soul to soul, and thought to
thought, with one whose whole being seemed to
maintain, with hers, an affectional, intellectual, and
spiritual sympathy. Only once in any life can
such a consciousness be unfolded; and in most
lives it cannot be at all; but whenever and
wherever it exists, all that there is heavenly of
two natures is melted into one exquisite, perfect,
infinite elysium—the divine Now, in which Hope
and Memory are both annihilated; for it unfolds
within itself an eternity of blessing.

In the course of an hour he had made himself
master of all the mental idiosyncrasies of our he-
roine. He knew her favorite authors; and their
choicest passages were exchanged and inter-
changed. They quoted prose, and recited poetry,
and discussed the merits of Goethe, Racine, and
Tasso, each in his own language. What a won-
derful sympathy there was between them! Every
moment, if she had stopped to think, she would
have been more and more astonished. Nothing
like this had ever happened between her and Wil-
fred—and yet this man was so like him, especially
in the peculiar qualities of his voice, that he
seemed to be a more highly developed—a nobler
brother. Did Olive think so? She had a heart
and a mind; she had feeling and reason; and,
above all, a quick and instinctive apprehension of
the true spirit of things. How could she, then, be
blind? and having all this consciousness, was it
wrong that she should see? She was very intu-
itive in her whole temperament and mental con-
stitution, and possessed of that exquisite fineness and
susceptibility of impression, which gave to her
acts the character of inspiration. If really en-
thralled, she had little power to contend with what
was fascinating; and her whole heart was thus
laid open to the enemy. So, at first, as we have
said, she was alarmed, and then bewildered.
What could she do? It was in vain she tried to
think, and reason, and resolve. One of those deep
tones, so peculiarly rich and musical, would vibrate
so intensely as to bewilder her again, until her
spirit seemed to float away—away—she knew not
whither—and to rest and hover in an atmosphere
of sweet sound. One look from those large, dark,
thoughtful eyes, that were bent on hers so tenderly,
and yet so respectfully, would magnetize her; for
every ray seemed to penetrate her heart, and be
diffused through her whole being. The fascina-
tion increased every moment, until at length she
ceased to struggle against it. She even forgot it;
for she lost the impression of all external fact—all
confines. The dreary road, with the dull rain that
was beginning to fall—the lumbering coach—her
fellow-passengers—even the sharp-eyed Duennas,
all faded away, and disappeared from her vision.
All space—all time—material forms—past and fu-
ture, were transmuted into one paradise, which
contained within itself all thought—all hope—all
memory—the life, and soul, and concentration of
all things; for every outward fact gradually dis-
appeared, leaving only two beings with one soul
to pluck the flowers and breathe in the ambrosial
air, which should be to them the eternity of love.

What could Olive do to escape the danger?
Clearly nothing. Her fate was fixed—at least for
a few hours. She had ceased to fear—ceased to
regret this—as one by one the elements of the
common world disappeared, and the horizon of a
new world, whose atmosphere is the breath of
eternity, dropped its blue curtain between those
two and all other human beings. And then her
heart lay beneath those magnetic eyes as a rose
in the morning sun. The flower cannot contract
its petals and return back into the bud again. Its
destiny is to expand—to bloom—and give out its
perfume. So did the heart of Olive bloom and
breathe as with the brightness and odor of love.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"She loves, but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
Like one who meets in Indian groves
Some beautiful bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From sales in undiscovered seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away."
—More.

Olive and the equally enthralled stranger were
suddenly recalled to the realities of the present
by a little accident which happened to one of the
wheels, and which, though involving no great dif-
ficulty or danger, compelled the passengers to
alight, and walk up a long hill to the next house
near by, near which was a shop, where the mis-
chief could be repaired. Then, first, they saw the
spirit and feeling which were manifested by the
Duennas. The first thing when they came to the
ground, Olive, who felt the necessity of conceal-
ing, if possible, her own personal preferences, and
now that she was waking from her sweet dream,
resolved once more to do so, walked up to the side
of one of them as if she would put herself under
her protection. But instead of graciously accept-
ing the office of chaperone, as she had through-
out the entire journey done before, both of them,
with rather a scornful air, went off at a sharp
angle to the other side of the road. At first
Olive was distressed and alarmed at this; but,
as we have seen before, although she was child-
like in her trust and inclination to lean on others
ordinarily, yet, in extreme cases, she had great en-
ergy and a strong will. She knew she had done
no moral wrong. She had merely conversed with
an agreeable stranger, as they had done before;
and her offense consisted chiefly, without a doubt,
in the choice of subjects, which were out of the
range of other minds present, and thus, perforce,
excluded them. She felt herself injured and in-
sulted by their unwarrantable suspicions. "I am
no child, and I will act as I please," she thought
to herself, as the stranger came and took first her
basket, and then offered his arm. She thanked him,
and very gratefully accepted his favors; for she
was clearly sinking with mortification before
he came to her relief. "I can take care of my-
self," she thought again; "and I will not ask their
permission, or take their advice at all."

As the gentleman gave his support to Olive, he
turned to the other ladies, and, bowing, said pleas-
antly, "This young lady is, I fear, more injured
by her accident of this morning than she is will-
ing to own; and as she has no other friend here, I
have ventured to assist her up the hill; and now,
ladies, as I have but two arms, and cannot possibly
take care of you all, if any one of you will accept
of the disengaged arm, I shall be happy to escort
you."

This elicited no reply, save a stifled exclamation,
somewhere between a sneer and a giggle; and
then a confused murmur of broken phrases came,
of "What accident, I wonder?" "O la!" "Mighty
independent!" "Did you ever?"

This was all so gross and low that it could not
reach those for whom it was intended; and the
consequence was a complete reaction in feeling.

On returning to the carriage they again con-
versed; but it was in a less abstracted and more
general way; for it must be owned they had rather
transcended custom, if not propriety.

Soon after this the Duennas were set down at
their residence in Enfield, much to the relief of
the whole party; for they had grown very ill-
natured and disagreeable. It may be asked, in
passing, what those women could think of them-
selves by such conduct, which is a type of far too
common an offense; for women in all affairs of the
heart—in all lapses of the affections—are proverbially
uncharitable and cruel to unfortunate ones of
their own sex. They might have seen at a glance
that Olive was an innocent girl. If they thought
she was in danger, why did they not seek to
rescue her? Why did they not open their doors,
and say, "Come in here, child; and we will pro-
tect you, and take you in safety to your friends,"
instead of leaving her to ride in the dark ten or
fifteen miles; thus throwing the prey into the very
hands of the spoiler. O, there are too many Mrs.
and Miss W.'s in the world; and they must be ac-
countable for many lost ones.

When these Gorgon terrors were removed, their
thoughts flowed back again into a free and full
stream; and O, how unspeakably sweet were the
unfoldings of that hour! Olive, with her instinc-
tive sense of what is pure and good, had, no doubt,
no fear of him who sat so gracefully by her side.
She had looked into his soul, and she could see
his nobleness like gold beneath a clear stream;
and when night and darkness came, still she felt
no danger, but rather a sense of protection from
his presence; for while grosser minds might have
excited base thoughts from the influence of con-
sciousness, if not of sympathy, Olive, in the un-
erring instincts of innocence and truth, was safe.
And when they sat, as it were, alone together in
the darkness, delicacy on the hand, and a sincere
respect on the other, shielded them even from the
thought—almost from the possibility—of wrong.
Their discourse, in what few words they said, took
a higher and more spiritual tone. Pure and noble
thoughts were reflected from either mind; for they
were penetrated with the immaculate sanctity of
love. O, how inexpressibly sweet were those few
hours! for, even in their silence, dove-winged

thoughts were continually flying from soul to soul,
with messages which no words could speak; and
yet, to the conscious heart, they were exquisitely
delicate and beautiful.

Meanwhile, the young lady traveler, who was
really a quiet, kind-hearted girl, though she had
been influenced by the Duennas, when relieved of
their presence became quite socially inclined; and
her pretty little commonplaces, renewing, as they
did, the chain of sympathy, which had been so vi-
olently broken, were very pleasant and grateful to
Olive, who took every opportunity to encourage
them. And in this quiet, happy way the evening
wore on; but as they came near to Hadley, Olive
felt no small degree of anxiety—which she would
fain have persuaded herself was mere curiosity—in
regard to the rendezvous of this enthralling
stranger—this wonderful and all-engrossing man.
What if he should be going to stop at Hadley, and
she should see him again? Yet why did she wish
it? O, Olive! Olive! she had ceased to ask her-
self that why! for of the event only could she
think. And so they rolled on, in that heavy, old-
fashioned, rumbling way, which is now so nearly
obsolete as to be almost a reminiscence; and when
electricity is the motive power it will not be even
that. But the coach heaved, and rolled, and trem-
bled, for the way was quite dark until, about nine
o'clock of an October evening, the stage drew up
at the door of a hotel, which proved to be in the
village of Hadley. And then the parting came.

"Hold on a minute, there!" shouted the
stranger from inside, as the coach seemed about to
move again. "Hadley, did you say?"

"I guess you'll find 'taint nothing else!" re-
turned the driver, rather sententiously.

"Well, then," said the other, "I stop here."
Thus saying, he quietly said good evening to
Olive and her companion; and without the least
possible hint, or even the remotest allusion to the
possibility of their ever meeting again, he sprang
gayly from the coach, when his attention was for
a moment occupied in selecting his valise. Then,
without so much as a look at the carriage, he
walked up the steps, and into the house. In the
mean time poor Olive strove in vain to repress her
tears; for she was at first only wounded. Then
her pride came back, and she was paralyzed. "He
has discovered perhaps that—that—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

"SHAMELESS DECEIVERS."

Eusebius, Bishop of Caesarea, who is universally
admitted by both Catholic and Protestant priests
to have been the only compiler we have of a nar-
rative of Christian affairs for nearly three hundred
years after the close of the so-called "inspired an-
nals," was born in the latter part of the reign of
Gallienus, 259 A. D. That he was a vigorous and
terse writer is allowed by all; but it is equally
true that, in his intense desire to show up his new
Church, he stopped at nothing, in the way of fab-
rications. For, the blank sheet was before him;
and, being the darling friend of Constantine, that
arch murderer and immolator of his dearest rela-
tions, who had committed to Eusebius, as being
the most skillful in Biblical knowledge, the care
and superintendence of transcribing copies of the
Scriptures, which he wanted for the accommoda-
tion of the Churches he had built at Constantino-
ple, right well did Eusebius fulfill his task. He
even went so far as to forge a letter, purporting
to have been taken by him from the archives and "lit-
erally translated by us from the Syriac language,"
(See Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, Book 1st.)
which letter purported to have been written by
Jesus Christ, in answer to a communication sent
him from Agbarus, Prince of Edessa, inviting him,
Jesus, to visit his country, having heard of his
wonderful cures, hatred of the Jews, etc., prom-
ising him ample protection. There is no doubt that
Eusebius felt half inclined to extend this mission
of Christ, and to have had him respond to the call
by an actual visit; and the wondrous miracles,
which would have followed, would have remained
undisputed and uncontested in so far-off a coun-
try as the Indies; but, on due deliberation, he
compromised and gives us Christ's answer *verbatim*,
refusing to go, etc.; and finally ends by an account
of one of the Seventy, "Thaddaeus" by name,
paying a visit to Agbarus, and of the wondrous
consequences which followed. This lie and cheat
of Eusebius has been believed by many, while
others have thought that he was imposed upon.
This latter would be the most generous con-
clusion.

But let us now notice what Eusebius says of
Josephus, who, in his 18th book of "Antiquities,"
chapter 3d, gives the only account of Jesus Christ
we have by any contemporary writer; bearing in
mind that the fame of his miracles, in the words
of Agbarus, had pervaded the world. Although the
testimony of Josephus may be known to most of
your readers, I will give it here as translated—
thanks to the learned Eusebius, who happened to
discover the passage for the first time in three
hundred years. Says Josephus: "About the same
time there was a certain Jesus, a wise man—
if it is indeed proper to call him a man. He per-
formed extraordinary deeds; was a teacher of

men, who received his doctrine with delight, and
attached to himself many of the Jews, and many
of the Greeks. This was Christ. Pilate having
inflicted the punishment of the cross upon him,
on the accusation of our principal men, those who
had been attached to him before did not, however,
cease to love him; for he appeared to them alive
again on the third day according to the holy prophe-
cies, who had declared these and innumerable other
wonderful things respecting him. The race of
Christians who derive their name from him like-
wise still continue." Says Eusebius, after quoting
the passage: "When such testimony as this is
transmitted to us, by an historian who sprang from
the Hebrews, respecting our Savior, what subter-
fuge can be left to prevent those from being con-
vinced as *shameless deceivers*, who have forged the
acts against them?" Eusebius here raises the cry
of "Stop thief!" thinking thereby to distract at-
tention from himself. Let us examine the above
passage as reasonable men, and we cannot but ar-
rive at the conclusion, which is left without the
shadow of a doubt, that Eusebius fraudulently
and willfully interpolated the entire sentence.
For, in the first place, Josephus was a Jew, a strict
Hebrew, jealous for his sect and his creed; and it
is perfectly preposterous to suppose for an instant,
that he would have passed over in so few words the
sudden irruption of such an innovator as
Christ purported to be; and even if he had, would
he have written "if it is indeed proper to call him
a man?" and "for he appeared to them alive
again on the third day according to the holy
prophecies?" Reason and common sense teach us
that the "forgers" and "shameless deceivers"
were of the other side. Innumerable instances
might be cited from Eusebius' writings, which
bear upon their face indisputable marks of forgery
and misrepresentation. And yet the religious
world has persisted for fifteen centuries in holding
up and quoting Father Eusebius as the man who
opportunistly arose to fill the gap of three centuries.
But now a glorious era has dawned, and the ever-
lasting sun of Progress is well up in the horizon;
the dark and bloody hands of priestly superstition
and fanaticism can no longer keep it back. The
zenith of man's progression in this life is like unto
that of the mid-day sun. Hope beckons suffering
humanity onward and upward; and to attain such
eminence should be the firm and honest endeavor
of every true-minded Spiritualist. W.

THE MORALITY OF THE BIBLE.

NUMBER TWO.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In my previous not very co-
herent introduction to the investigation of the
morals of the Bible, I hinted at some of the reasons
which induced me to examine this subject rather
carefully. Beginning with the book of Genesis, the
first person we will notice is Noah—"the only indi-
vidual, with his family, who was considered moral
enough by his Creator to be saved at the Deluge."
He must have been a good man, and of course the
most moral man of his time; otherwise the great,
eternal, all-wise, and good God would not have
saved him and his family from destruction, from
whom the whole human family for all future time
was to descend. We read in Genesis, chap. 9: 21, 22,
that he was found repulsively drunk. I forbear to
quote the passage. And in verse 25 of the same
chapter, he curses his own grandson, Canaan, to be
a servant to his brethren, for an exhibition of his
filial affection and respect for his father—thus in-
itiating the sun of all evils, HUMAN SLAVERY. Was it
moral for Noah to get drunk? or was it moral for
him to curse his own grandson? I respectfully sub-
mit that the exhibition of the above instances of
Bible morality differs radically from the true moral-
ity of the present day.

In Genesis, chap. 20, v. 1-5, Abraham, the father of
all the faithful, uttered the most premeditated and
palpable falsehood. He told the King of Gerar that
his wife Sarah was not his wife, but only his sister;
and the social relation which followed between his
wife and the King, at his own instance, would not
be considered strictly moral at the present day, in
my judgment. In chap. 22, v. 9-14, we are told that
he put out one of his wives (for he had two at that
time) to wander, with her child, in the wilderness
of Beer-sheba; which we would regard as not only
immoral, but extremely inhuman.

In the 26th chapter, verses 7 to 9, of the same
book, we are told that Isaac, the son of Abraham,
followed the virtuous and moral example of his
father, in denying his wife. The story is too ob-
scene to quote.

Jacob, the son of Isaac, (whom the Lord loved so
much—Malachi, chapter 1, v. 2, 3,) undertook to
deceive his own father. (Genesis, chapter 27, 19th
verse.) He also cheated his own brother, Esau,
verse 36; and in chapter 29 and 30, we read of his
perpetrating three of the worst crimes that a man
could commit: incest, polygamy, and adultery; all
of which come under the head of the *immorality* of
the Bible, and is the literal and absolute word and pre-
cept of the great, eternal God of the universe, "who
does not look upon sin with the least degree of al-
lowance." If such are the moral precepts given us
by God in His holy and divinely inspired word, should
we do as did his servants of old, whose example
has been so providentially preserved and handed
down to us, through all the changing vicissitudes of
time, as a moral and holy guide for our faith and
practice in this life?

In turning over to the next book, Exodus, we
come to the history of Moses, who was the "meek-
est man" spoken of in the "Holy Bible." In chapter
2, v. 11 and 12, we are told he killed a man, and, to

conceal his crime, hid him in the sand. This was, to say the least of it, homicide. How would such a matter be morally regarded, if committed by a member of community at this day?

Moses was also an investigator to murder on a large scale, as seen particularly in Numbers, chapter 31; and in addition to which, in verses 17 and 18, same chapter, he directs and encourages prostitution. The inhuman slaughtering by that "meekest man" of his brethren and others, men, women, and children, has rarely, if ever, been paralleled in history. And here, again, we stop and seriously consider and diligently search for the *divine moral*. We honestly confess we cannot see it; but if it is the *immutable word of God*, divinely full of inspiration, there must be a moral in it somewhere. It must be full of truth, mercy, justice, love, kindness, and salvation for man; for the chapter commences with: "And the Lord spake unto Moses," etc.

The atrocities committed by Joshua, "in the name of the Lord," were truly frightful. I decline quoting them. Read the book of Joshua, and particularly chapter 10, v. 17-30, and satisfy yourselves whether he was, or was not, an unmitigated, wholesale murderer.

A Remarkable Test.

Messrs. Editors:—At a circle, held on the evening of March 20th, 1867, at Mr. Gould's residence, No. 30 Silver street, tests were given to me quite unexpected; and, much to my surprise, they proved to be from some of my dearest friends, who had departed to heaven some time previously, and from whom I never expected to hear, not being a believer in Spiritualism. The names given by the spirits were Sisters Theresa, and two others hailing from St. Catherine's Convent, Benicia, where they were nuns. They asserted that they were very happy in their present homes, and believed differently, as regards religion, from what they did while they were here; thus asserting, in effect, that no forms of religion are particularly essential to the salvation of the soul, save a belief in one Father of all.

I may add, that the spirits said I should become a rapping medium, and that, before the sitting closed, distinct and powerful raps were actually made near me, which very much surprised me.

JULIA DELAHANTY.

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

OFFICE, 523 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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A. F. BROWN, Taylorville.—Your letter, with check inclosed, was duly received.

Mrs. THOMAS EAGAR, Virginia City, Nev.—Your paper has been mailed regularly from our office. If anything is wrong, it is with the Post Office.

AGENTS

THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

The following persons are authorized to act as Agents for the BANNER OF PROGRESS, to receive subscriptions and money for the same, and forward them to this office. No subscription will be acknowledged when unaccompanied with the money.

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E. D. BRYMAN, Susanville.
C. P. HATCH, Petaluma.
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ALFRED LANSDALE, Watsonville.
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PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Any person sending us his or her name before the first of May, accompanied by three dollars in coin or four dollars in greenbacks, and two three-cent postage stamps, shall receive a copy of the BANNER OF PROGRESS for one year, and the "Banner" and "Exposition of Three Points of Popular Theology," advertised in our columns.

Are the Tendencies of Spiritualism Immoral?

We closed our article on this subject, in our last issue, with the remark that all such praying as is common among Christians was time lost, for no such prayers were ever answered. Let us take some illustrations on this point. The Christian world prayed for many years for the abolition of the institution of slavery. Was their prayer answered? Some of them may be foolish enough to claim that it went down in answer to their prayer. But, if that were so, why did not God hear and answer them before? It could not be on account of lack of power, if He is an omnipotent Being, as they assert. This being the case, the Christian is driven to the other horn of the dilemma, and must admit that it was from the want of the disposition to do it. What an idea!—that God governs the affairs of men, and possesses the power to make them happy, but takes greater delight in seeing them miserable!

Nay, Mr. Praying Christian! American slavery went down in a sea of blood in obedience to the natural unfolding of human events. It fell before the onward march of civil liberty, as your receding, tottering religious institutions will ere long fall before the mighty power of truth. Again, they have been praying for years to God, that He would stop the crying evil of intemperance, and save the three hundred thousand who annually go down to the drunkard's grave. Does God answer their prayer? Is there not more liquor manufactured and drunk to-day than ever before? What has all your praying amounted to in that direction? Just nothing at all. Again, a portion of the Christian Church prayed for a long time that God would abolish the Fugitive Slave Law. Why they ever asked God to repeal that withering shame to American institutions, is more than we can tell. God most assuredly never had anything to do with making it. It was the American Congress that enacted the law; and had they directed their prayers to that body, and prayed with the right kind of faith, they could have had it repealed immediately. That kind of faith would have made them say to the members of Congress, "Gentlemen, just do our bidding now, or you will not go there again," and the desired object would

have been gained at once. The Fugitive Slave Law was an offspring of slavery, and went down with it by the operation of the same power, and not in answer to Christians' prayers.

But let us examine the claim set up by Christians a little further. They manifest a great deal of ingenuity in getting out of their absurd positions. For instance, inquire why their prayers are not answered, and they will readily reply that it was from a lack of faith on their part. "But," say they, "let us get a company of us together, and all be agreed as touching the thing desired, and then our prayers will surely be answered."

We will take an illustration on this point. Several years ago there was a tremendous revival that swept like the fury of a tornado (and with the same destructive power) over the Northern States, except the city of Boston, Massachusetts. There the wires would not work successfully. They howled and prayed—prayed and howled; but there was a mighty mind that was stronger than all their mesmeric evangelists put together. And that person was the brave and good Theodore Parker. A council of war was held among the Christians, and they came to a final determination to pray him out of the way. A special meeting was called one afternoon at one o'clock, for that purpose; it was decided that no other subject should be introduced, but that all should bring their faith to bear on God with one sole end in view; namely, to get Theodore Parker away from before the chariot-wheel of the Almighty, so that He might drive through Boston as he had in other places. They first prayed, "Lord, do thou meet him in his study, and confound him there, so that he cannot prepare for to-morrow's effort." Another prayed, "Lord, if (the sticking-point was not yet reached) thou canst not confound him in his study, meet him to-morrow and let him be utterly dismayed before the people; so shalt thou get great glory to thy holy name." Another prayed, "Lord, if thou canst not stop him in any other way, put a hook in his jaw, so that he can't preach." Did God answer their prayers? Nay, verily. He did not; for Theodore Parker went into Music Hall the next day, and delivered one of the most glowing descriptions of a true revival of religion that ever fell from human lips. Here, certainly, is a test case of the power of the Christian's prayers. Nearly a thousand people assemble together, and pray a whole afternoon, with only one specific object in view; and yet God takes no notice of them. This kind of success reminds us of a story which we will relate in our next article on this subject.

A FRIEND, who sends us his name as a subscriber, and the money therefore, paying for the paper a year and a half in advance, remarks: "THE BANNER is a good starter for this coast, and I hope that you may be able to enlarge it soon." In reply we would say that, if our list is raised to two thousand (and it is rapidly increasing) by the close of the present volume, we will double the size of the sheet for Volume Second, and will labor all the more earnestly to sustain it.

We have received a circular from D. O. McCarthy, which states that "the *Daily American Flag* will be recommended in this city on the 18th of April next." We shall hail its advent with joy; for, unless its conductor changes his character very much, it will be found invariably on the side of truth instead of policy, ready to wage war in behalf of the weak and poor, as opposed to power, wealth, and monopoly.

INSANE, BUT NOT FROM SPIRITUALISM.—The *Times* of Thursday morning last actually gave an account of the insanity of a young lady of this city, from excitement in regard to a piece of music, which she was learning to play. How surprising it must be to the editors of that paper, that a person has become insane from some other cause than a belief in Spiritualism!

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We wish our contributors to distinctly understand that we cannot put ourselves to the trouble and expense of returning rejected communications. And, further, write short, terse articles; give us your ideas in as brief a manner as possible, and express them clearly. All long, prosily written articles will inevitably find their fate in the scrap-basket.

PERSONS wishing for spiritual tests or medical examinations will do well to call on Madame Antonia, at 108 Montgomery street. We had a sitting with her a short time since, and found her clairvoyant powers all that could be desired. For particulars, see her advertisement, in another column.

THE meeting advertised for Congress Hall last Sunday at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration what was necessary to be done to promote the present and future interests of the Lyceum, was adjourned to next Sunday, at the same hour and place, when, it is hoped, all who are friendly to this institution will be present.

AMONG our mountain exchanges, we gladly welcome each week the *Alpine Miner*. The editorial department of the paper is well conducted, and excellent taste is manifested in the literary selections on the first page, especially of poetry. Success to the *Alpine Miner*.

JOSEPH BILLINGS says his idea of a delightful woman is one who seems to love everybody, but in fact only loves her husband. Jo Kerr says many husbands would be glad to realize such an idea.

We shall speak in Congress Hall, next Sunday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. Subject: "Education and its Benefits, more particularly in Spirit-life." SEATS FREE.

We shall commence a course of lectures in Napa City next Monday evening, March 25th.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, the Healer, will be in Napa City next Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, to receive and treat patients.

JO KERR thinks if any one has dealings with the devil, he must be a Hells!

If a story be a tale, a story-teller must be a tell-tale. So says Jo Kerr.

Baptism.

"We are aware that it is of little use to prove anything to those friends of progress and higher law from the word of God; as they do not recognize it as being true if it disagrees with their theory; but as the writer referred to the New Testament, we appeal to the same to show his error. 'When, therefore, the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, though Jesus baptized not, but his disciples.' John 4:1 and 2."—*Pacific Gospel Herald*.

Why did friend Hallam attempt a reply, when, as he claims, "it is of little use"? Was it done to display his great ability? We hardly think it. If it was, he certainly made a signal failure. For the size of his argument is about the same as the quantity of his testimony, in proof of his position. Only one passage of Scripture is quoted, and that is not positive, but inferential in its character. Why did he not quote more, and of a positive kind? Simply because they are not to be found in the New Testament. As we showed in our first article, John the Baptist bore testimony that Jesus came not to baptize with water, but with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Paul baptized a few, believing that it was an external kingdom that Jesus and his followers were about to establish. But he changed his course, and then declared that Jesus sent him not to baptize, but to preach the gospel. As for wishing to escape on the ground that it is only John's opinion, as friend Hallam states, we are far from it. But we will say that this—the only passage that, by inference even, bears on the question—is found in John's Gospel; a book which the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Dr. Lardner, declares is not, in his opinion, entitled to a place among the canonical works. Again, friend Hallam asks, "What authority have you to show that the word *Father* means wisdom?" Any one can readily discover that Hallam is an authority-man, and dare not think for himself a moment, outside of the religious views of the sect to which he belongs. We believe that all have a right to think for themselves, and also to express their thoughts. But, if he wishes authority, we can give him a name of no less eminence than Emanuel Swedenborg. And again, Bro. Hallam wishes to know if we will furnish him with a new dictionary. Not until he has learned the rules of the old one; for, when he writes the name of any specified body of people—the "Friends of Progress," for instance—he must use capital letters to distinguish them.

Editorial Notes.

Week before last, we made our first visit to the neat little town of Petaluma. We were met at the depot by our good, warm-hearted friend, Col. Hatch, and cordially invited to accept the hospitalities of his quiet, pleasant home during our stay in the place. Owing to the late arrival of the boat, we were obliged to hasten to the hall; there we found an intelligent audience of about seventy-five or eighty persons, who listened to our discourse for the evening with marked attention. The *furor* of the Earlemania, with which the place has of late been seriously afflicted, is evidently subsiding. Quite a number of Earle's converts dared to run the risk of the "unpardonable sin," and came to listen to spiritual lectures; and this fact shows that they are not all demented. On the fourth and last evening, the hall was crowded with anxious listeners, while we discoursed to them on the doctrine of spirit-life. We shall return thither ere long, and give a course of seven or eight lectures.

Last week, we visited the beautiful city of San Jose. Lying in the center of Santa Clara valley, it is the most beautiful spot we have ever seen on God's green earth. The city itself is composed of smart, enterprising people. But the blighting curse of one Earle's revivals has swept like a simoom over them, from which it will take them some time to recover. We spoke on Thursday and Friday evenings, in the City Hall, to very fair audiences, especially when we take into consideration that there were unusual amusements in the place. But San Jose has some true and tried souls, who will stand by the cause of Spiritualism, against whatever opposition may present itself; and the womb of the future will bring forth success to crown their earnest and well-directed efforts.

SPIRITUALISM IN SACRAMENTO.—We learn from Mrs. Foye, since her return to this city, that her sojourn, held last week in Sacramento, were a perfect success in every respect. The attendance was large, and an earnest spirit of inquiry manifested by all present. We also learn, from the same source, that Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who has been lecturing there to crowded audiences for some time, will close with this month one of the most successful engagements she has made on this coast, and, returning to this city, will resume her labors here on the first Sunday in April. It gives us unfeigned pleasure also to announce, that the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Sacramento is in a flourishing condition. Its present status and rapidly increasing numbers speak well in behalf of the labor of love performed by its officers. We are a little surprised that some of the friends there have not kept us better posted in these matters. We hope that they will do so in future, as an encouragement to Spiritualists in other sections of the State.

THE *Dramatic Chronicle* need not imagine that we have any desire to visit "the modern Venice" north of us, merely to witness the doings of spirits. We can behold their work anywhere else just as well. We don't see anything done by any other beings than spirits at any time, or in any place. An inanimate body has no activity, and therefore can do nothing. It is the spirit which does everything, in or out of the body. If that is not true philosophy, then we are no philosophers. But the *Chronicle* says we are; and if we are, then our philosophy must be true.

If hell were a place for lost souls, there would be the place to look for and find them; and our excessively philanthropic divines would of course go to hell to rescue and save them; so that it is proof there are no lost souls, that none of the ministers of salvation propose to go and find them. If such a proposal should be made, we would volunteer to show a short cut to such a locality in the neighborhood of Dupont and Pacific streets.

Something New under the Sun.

Nothing less than an educated, liberal-minded, free-thinking Irishman, writing his experiences of life during a trip to the "ould sod" and back, and publishing them in a book, entitled "Paddy Pungent, or a Rambling Irishman." We are indebted to the author, J. M. Doherty, for a copy of his very entertaining book, from which we make the extract inserted below. It is quite evident that church, and priest, and coward monk, have long since lost their power over this man's judgment and conscience; and we rejoice that it is so. He writes with a free hand and mind of the superstitions of his countrymen, and is not at all afraid to call things by their right names; and in this latter fact consists his right to the name he has assumed, Paddy Pungent. But read the extract, and judge ye:

Without subjugating the understanding to the will, a belief in the doctrines of Christianity is utterly impossible. No such belief can be attained through the understanding, or by any process of reasoning. If the idea be pleasing and be taught to us in early life, it is very easy for us to accept of the truth of any doctrine, no matter how absurd, but it would be almost impossible for another to convince us that they are in the right, and that we are the wrong, in opposition to the bias of our inclination. To convince a man against his will, never was and in all probability never will be an easy matter.

But with the progress of knowledge, and the advance of popular ideas, men's notions of religious forms and formulas change, and with them, churches must also change, or the people, who are without some fascinating delusion, will pitch their inevitable tabernacles outside of them. The position of the modern Spiritualist, for instance, is in this relation to the present age very much the same as the position of the ancient Christian in regard to the popular systems of worship then prevailing. At the time Christianity first made its appearance in the world, all the more cultivated minds had discarded the old systems of belief in the gods and goddesses of the prevailing mythology. But the general disbelief of the common fancies concerning the Elysian fields, and the realms of Hades and Tartarus, created a want—a want which Christianity met and satisfied in a way that was both new and novel. Communication between men and women still living in their earthly bodies and the lamented dead was at once established to the complete satisfaction of all believers in Christ. Now, then, as before the introduction of Christianity there was among thinking men a general decay of faith in the existing creeds of popular worship, so there is among the thinking world to-day no active, earnest faith in the leading tenets of Christianity. This decay of faith is both wide-spread and deep, and out of the general skepticism has arisen now as of old an earnest feeling of want—a want which, as is claimed by the friends of progress, Spiritualism meets and answers. The testimony of hundreds and thousands of upright, credible and intelligent men and women can be had, who are ready to assert and swear to the reality of their personal communications with departed friends who are long dead. The same evidence, therefore, upon which the Christian theories rest for belief, is now presented in favor of Spiritualism. So those who feel morally bound to give a hearing to the evidence of the spiritual seers of eighteen centuries ago, who then professed to bring direct news from the invisible world, must in self-consistency feel equally bound to give heed to the like evidence offered them at the present day!

The Slang of the Secular Press.

The *Morning Call* publishes what it calls "a spiritual yarn" of a London letter-writer, from which, however, Spiritualists may gather some important information. We therefore copy the said "yarn," leaving our intelligent readers to make their own comments:

"The Spiritualists of London intend to establish a Lyceum, the members of which, made so by a subscription of five guineas each, will receive the privilege of giving orders of admission to whom they please. Mr. D. D. Hume is to be chief manager. The whole thing is not so much under the ban of public odium in this country as in those United States, where many respectable persons belonging to the Church of England are devoted believers in 'the manifestations.' A curious story has lately been told me by a celebrated literary lady, who says that she was present at a séance in the city of London, some weeks since, in company with Mr. Fechter, the eminent tragedian, who is a Spiritualist, when suddenly his hand stretched itself out, and his forefinger pressed forcibly against Mr. Fechter's breast. The latter gentleman bade him remove it, as the pressure hurt him; but Mr. Hume could not for time, and when he did, the spot on the bosom of the tragedian's shirt was covered with blood. This appeared the more singular, as there was no blood on Mr. Hume's finger or Mr. Fechter's chest; and while they looked at it, the stain disappeared. The table then commenced rearing and galloping, in imitation of a horse, and presently Mr. Hume declared that he was impressed with some impending danger to Mr. Fechter on horseback. The tragedian afterward went to Germany, and was near the seat of war. One morning—weeks after the occurrence above mentioned—when his horse was started up as usual, a shuddering seized him, and under an unaccountable presentiment, he ordered the horse away, saying he would not ride. A friend borrowed the horse the same morning, and a few hours later, he was through the breast. This story seems absurd enough, but persons of undoubted veracity attest the fact that the first part was told in several circles before the sequel came out."

Mrs. Laura DeFores Gordon.

We copy the following notice of this lady's oratorical efforts from the *Denver Daily Gazette*, Colorado Territory, where she at present resides. Mrs. Gordon is expected soon on this coast, and the people here may well believe that all that is said below in regard to her will be realized by themselves when she arrives:

A lecture was delivered by Mrs. Gordon, at the People's Theater, last evening, on the "Election of Franchise." The fair speaker shared the subject in a most masterly manner, and we intend giving a *resumé*, in our next issue, of the principal points made on this, at present, most important topic. We venture to predict that the course of lectures, now being given by Mrs. Gordon, will be one of the most successful ever given in Colorado. Certain it is, that the public have seldom an opportunity of hearing such an accomplished and talented woman holding forth on the principal questions of the day. True genius cannot be hidden in such a community as Denver. It must assert its accustomed sway. The next lecture will be given on Thursday, the 14th. Subject—"The Pulpit and the Stage."

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question, and the answer by Mr. Schoolcraft should put the white man to the blush. The gentleman, who has for many years studied the characteristics of the race, says: "Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more bitter or reproachful than 'match anemosh,' which simply means 'swear bad dog.' They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy, drunkard, babler, but I have never heard of any profane oath. The genius of their language does not favor the formation of terms used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own, to say that an Indian cannot curse."

It must be because the poor Indians never enjoyed the privilege of listening to the ministrations of our orthodox pulpits, or they would have become expert at the practice long ago.

Will not all of our subscribers, who have delayed sending the money for their paper until now, send it immediately. The sum of three dollars is a small item to you; but these small sums multiplied enable us to send you the BANNER from week to week. Neglect not until to-morrow what you ought in justice to do to-day.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical Manifestations.

On Friday evening, September 27th, the circle at Col. Manrow's was formed as usual, with the exception of the absence of two of the ladies. But four persons, therefore, were left of the original circle. These sat down at the table, which soon after commenced moving, and the usual rappings and creakings were heard in all parts of the room. They strove for some time to obtain an intelligible answer to their various questions, but there was so great contention between the various spirits that presented themselves, that it was quite a long time before they succeeded. In reply to some questions, the spirits said that the duty of guardian angels is to ward off from the objects of protection the dark and evil spirits, (one of which had been seen within a few feet of the circle, on the first evening), and prevent them from instilling evil thoughts into their minds, and from injuring their persons by some diabolical act or stratagem.

At this moment the rappings commenced upon the cabinet, which was enclosed in glass frames, and continued unabated for some time. The spirits would correctly rap out any number proposed mentally by any member of the circle, and almost invariably with complete success.

It must not be concealed, however, that the circle, as now constituted, was by no means so perfect as it had been previous to the departure of Mrs. X. and her daughter, and none of the experiments were so prompt and satisfactory.

After sitting for some moments in perfect stillness and silence, something was heard underneath the book-case, standing in the north-east corner of the room, and distant some ten or twelve feet from any member of the circle. The noise became more and more audible and distinct, until finally several large maps, which had been rolled up and placed there for security, were taken up violently and thrown several feet toward the center of the room. And here it may be remarked, that the room in which they sat was only partially darkened, the candle being placed in the piazza, and its light shining full into the chamber. Immediately after the maps were removed, one of the large globes, which was occupying a recess underneath the book-case, started from its position and rolled itself along upon its legs, until it came close up to the table, from which none had stirred. It then deliberately passed along underneath the table, and came out at the opposite side, being capsize just as it issued forth. Almost contemporaneously with this, the other globe started off from its moorings, and passed along toward the opposite window, in full view of all. Just before reaching the window, it increased its speed and was dashed against one of the lower panes with such violence that the glass was broken. After the conclusion of these experiments, they signified their desire to behold once more the forms of their spiritual visitants. After waiting a minute or too, the front door-bell was rung with great violence, and they anxiously turned their eyes toward the window, where the spirits had hitherto made their appearance. Suddenly the bush at the window was violently shaken, and the small figure, described in the previous number, presented itself very close by. It as suddenly disappeared, and without having been observed by any one at the table, besides the writer and Mr. B. Whilst they were straining their eyes in endeavoring to pierce the darkness outside, Mr. B. exclaimed very hurriedly, "I see a light close to the window." This was the signal for a general approach to where he stood—for he had sprang from his seat—in order that all might obtain a view of the phenomenon.

They were not doomed to disappointment; for, on casting their eyes in the indicated direction, there it flitted like a will-o'-the-wisp, right before them.

This light had a very peculiar appearance. When first beheld, it presented the same general aspect as a large globe lantern. The light, however, was wavy, and it did not cast any shadow. Gradually it approached, close up to the window; then it receded as slowly, at the same moment changing its circular shape to an oblong and irregular figure. Then it flitted from one side to another, and back again, its form undergoing curious and perplexing changes all the time. Then it withdrew some distance from the house, and assumed a new shape altogether.

Mr. B., at this instant, fell upon the floor, and, placing his eyes very close to the glass window, declared that he could see it much more distinctly, and that it was again modifying in its appearance. It next assumed the precise shape of a newly made grave. There it lay, close upon the ground, about six feet long, with the same rounded and heaped-up figure, shining with a pale glare, brighter than the moon, but entirely without any resplendence. It lit up nothing near it, cast no shadow, and seemed more like a brilliant phosphor, than any flame produced by heat. It did not continue in this guise very long; but soon transformed into a thin narrow line, stretching several feet along the ground, and gradually melted entirely away. Nor could they, by any reconstruction of the circle, reproduce this curious meteor.

The inquiry very naturally arises in this place, whether or not it was possible for any human being, with a magic lantern in his hand, to have produced a similar phenomenon. No; for, there were some peculiarities about this light which no skill, however great, could have contrived. In the first place, it must be remembered that it approached to within a few feet of the window, and flitted back and forth, changing its form every moment, and gradually lengthening itself out, until it presented the perfect outline of a grave. Evidently this appearance could not have been produced, so close at hand, without the machinery employed in the deception being seen. For the night was not dark, and the eye could trace distinctly the form of every tree, bush, and object in the vicinity. And secondly, no artifice could have produced a meteor of such peculiar appearance. The luminary did not look at all like those bright and evanescent gleams, which sometimes shoot athwart the darkness, but it presented to the vision a full, distinct, and sharp volume, much more brilliant than moonlight, and yet not so red and fiery as the rays of a torch.

While they were engaged in the discussion of

this new phenomenon, their attention was suddenly attracted to a noise in the yard, evidently in affright, calling upon Col. M. to assist, in some struggle going on. On looking from the window, we beheld the man-servant of Col. M. rushing toward the house, and calling every step for assistance. Col. M. rose hurriedly from his seat, and met him at the front door, and admitted him into the piazza. He declared that he had been aroused from his sleep by some invisible persons, although it was not perfectly dark in his room, who proceeded, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, to tumble him out of bed, and throw him upon the floor, with a force anything but agreeable. In the struggle he had several garments torn from his back, and, on presenting himself to the light, the most indubitable evidences were seen of his misfortune. A search was made, but found ineffectual to elicit any explanation of the mystery. The man was accommodated with a seat in the piazza, and they proceeded with their investigation. But hardly had they placed themselves at the table before they heard a fall in the entry, and on examination they beheld the poor fellow stretched at full length upon the floor. He was also struck a blow on the cheek, which was of so physical a character as to produce quite a swelling, and no little pain. Finding that their proceedings were liable to serious interruption through these causes, they were compelled to adjourn their investigation to a more favorable season.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?
NUMBER TEN.

The case, however, is essentially altered, magnified, and intensified when it steps from philosophy and science to that of polemics and religion. And the most natural of all questions occurring to the mind, whenever the thoughts are turned in that direction, is, What and where is to be found the origin of religion and religious worship as it manifests itself in the human family? For it is clearly evident that this phase of our existence, like all else that go to make up the sum of life, had its beginning somewhere, and at some time, within the period of man's occupancy of the earth. If we are to be guided by the progressive development theory, which is, in my judgment, the only reliable one, the race was very low in its mental status, and wholly incapable of fathoming abstruse subjects prior to the settlement on the banks of the Nile in Egypt. How long ago that event took place is not yet clearly made out by the antiquarian; but if credence is to be given to the researches of eminent men of science and scholarly attainments, among the monuments and inscriptions of that most interesting country, it must, in the nature of things, have been at least five times the period of the world's existence, as set forth by the Mosaic account of the creation. We can, therefore, on these grounds, form some sort of conjecture as to the capacity, mentally, of the inhabitants of the earth twenty-five or thirty thousand years ago. We must conjecture that, as there was a faint glimmering of the sense of dependence on something superior to themselves, and possessing of the inherent quality (though in small measure) of veneration, hence their fancies naturally led them on to the rude performance of some kind of form of religious worship, induced doubtless by fear, according to the peculiar circumstances by which they found themselves surrounded. They were unquestionably moved just in accordance with the phenomenon presenting itself to their understandings and condition, and felt the necessity of doing something to appease the wrath of a power seen and felt in the warring elements all around and above them, as well as huge and fierce animals on the alert for the destruction of their lives. In process of time the power witnessed in the winds and waters, the thunders and lightnings, the volcanoes and earthquakes, led them to suppose that some invisible beings, resident somewhere, caused these bursts of violence and destruction, and they gave them names, and termed them gods, in consonance with their views of the divinity or deity to be ascribed to each, and they seemed to merit. They said the volcanic eruptions were the breathings of the fire gods—the tornado and tempest a manifestation of the wrath of the god of the winds, uttering his voice against the wickedness of the people. The thunderbolt was a fearful and terrible messenger of wrath, visited upon their transgressions, and to call them to their devotional exercises. We readily perceive that, in the absence of any comprehension of the laws of nature, all the forces and phenomena, with which man came in contact or conflict, was resolved almost entirely into brute force and vengeful passion. When the lightning or other power, held in superstitious awe, proved fatal to life, it was to be taken for granted that it was only the visitation of judgment for bad deeds committed by the person or persons who had fallen in death. Superstition and fear are closely allied to ignorance and brutality among all people; this rudimentary condition being necessary as the groundwork or commencement of progress toward a civilized life. The mysterious influences by which they were surrounded, and the strange vicissitudes of their existence, led them to the conclusion that the authors of all the marvelous powers they witnessed had their abiding place in the skies, the carves of the earth, and in the tumultuous ocean. Knowing, therefore, something of their own disposition and requirements, and what would satisfy their wants and appease their anger, they naturally enough supposed that by the bestowal of presents and flattering attentions upon these invisible powers whom they called gods, they might thus be rendered friendly; and, instead of being injured by them, great benefits might be derived by ministering to the appetites and passions of these unseen gods. This is no fancy sketch or romantic tale, moulded to suit the taste or cater to the appetite for strange notions, but to-day a literal fact among the poor benighted Africans in some parts of their own native land, as witnessed by travelers. Here, then, we find, in the rude undeveloped condition of humanity, the germ of that vast and widely extended system of sacrifices which has prevailed in all parts of the earth, through many thousands of years, and yet continues, in a modified form, as an observance in the most enlightened nations—among the most cultivated and aristocratic people of the present age. The method of Jewish sacrifices, as they existed in former ages, may be gathered to considerable extent by reference to the Old Testament, where the Christian clergy find about two-thirds of the texts from which they preach about the wonderful sacrifice of the Lamb of God, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, commemorated in what is termed the last, or Lord's Supper. The Papists go one step further, and eat the body of Jesus in the wafer; that is, the people eat the wafer, which the priests assure them is the veritable body of Christ, while

they, the holy fathers, drink the wine, and, as I am told, get quite drunk, too, at times, over it. Where these cannibals, that eat the literal body of Jesus, find in the Bible that dogma, is beyond my comprehension; or that other, the worship of saints; or the purgatorial fires, the confessional, or the Trinity or God-head. It is clearly evident that the idea of the Trinity, or three-in-one doctrine, was taken from some older theological system than that of the Jews. And it is but reasonable to suppose that as many other dogmas, not found in the Bible, may also have been borrowed, as we know the cross and the lighted candles were, from the Pagans, as well as baptism by immersion and sprinkling. In the Hindoo theology, the Divine breath, or word, proceeds from Brahma—the universal soul, the eternal, self-existent intelligence and principle of all life and being—and creates the three persons of the Hindoo Trinity; and from these three gods creation, preservation, and destruction have intermediately proceeded from the great original Divine Being. These three gods were, Brahma, the creator of forms; Vishnu, the preserver; and Siva, the destroyer. These three powers are ever active, according to this system, in producing those results attributed to this form of religion. In the Persian sacred writings we find the same idea of creation, or formation, by an original, eternal source of intelligence and power, though subsequent agencies appear to be modifications of the Hindoo inspiration; and hence the Siva, destroyer of forms, in the Hindoo, appears in the Persian as Ahriman, the moral destroyer, an evil being antagonistic to Ormuzd, the good being and creator. There is one feature, at least, peculiar to all the systems of theology, wherever found, or however diversified; and that is a persistent endeavor on the part of the devotees to uphold and maintain, to the last gasp, all their dogmas, tenets and teachings, no matter how absurd or preposterous these may be, so long as a people, or a portion of a people, will give them their adherence. Hence the stand-still condition of the Israelites, the Mahometans, and the Christians. The latter have been dragged by main force from some of their puerile teachings. I speak now of the so-called Evangelical Church; but the Papists have rather added to the absurdity than taken from the former doctrines taught.

The Loved Ones Gone Before.

O, where are the loved of long ago,
The dear ones fondly cherished?
Do spirits lie in the cold grave low,
Have all fond hopes thus perished?

And do you deem the future bright?
For life on earth is but a day;
When done, must all ties sever?
Shall aspirations come to naught,
And we lay down in sorrow?

Shall hard-earned knowledge we have sought
Realize no sweet to-morrow?
Shall science by its lauders down,
To cancer, Night and wither?

The poet's wreath, the martyr's crown,
No more to be, forever?
Ah! no; the harp-strings broken here
Are tuned anew above us;
And every bitter, falling tear
Is wiped by those who love us;

The heart so torn by grief and care
Some spirit sweet is healing;
Our dear ones, in that world so fair,
Their love to us revealing.

The cherished flowers of hope and love
Thrive bloom in all their beauty;
And wait their fragrance from above,
To teach us earthly duty.

And inspiration from on high
To mortal man is given—
It is the love of the angels nigh,
And leads us on to heaven.

DON'T LIKE NOVELS.—The Esmeralda Union tells a story of a novel character. A man on a ranch sent to a friend in town for something to read. The friend's stock of reading matter was rather scant, consisting of some old papers and portions of a mutilated Bible. However, as his friend desired a "good book," he thought the few tattered leaves of Scripture would be better than nothing; so he carefully wrapped up a few pages at random and sent them to the ranch. The few mutilated remnants of Holy Writ happened to comprise the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the book of Ruth; but what was the astonishment of our friend at having the package returned in a few days, with the following note:

"DERE CAP: Oh! how I was disappointed by your cruel goak! I asked you for bred and you giv me a stone, so to speck. I asked you for a good book, and see what redcalas stuff you sent me. That was too bad, Cap, for you kno I never read anything but a strictly moral. If you can't get nothing else please send me a Testament, or some Sunday school books to read till I come to town, but don't send me any more of your old lascevas novels. The hole World is bein immorallized by readin such bad literature. Your sincere friend."

Too MUCH FOR HIM.—A young man, who actually desired wealth, was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who tempted him to dispose of his soul for eternity. If he could be supplied on earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded; the devil was to supply the money, and was, at last, to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away; the man married, and was extravagant in his living. Built palaces, speculated widely, lost and gave away his fortune, and he still had more money. He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his pile of gold. He became a filibuster and fitted out ships and armies, and his bankroll honored all his drafts. He came to New York to live, and paid the usual rate of interest for all the money he could borrow; but, though the devil made faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed. The devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul; and he mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper. The devil growled at the bill at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, dead broke, at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, but the soul was saved.

A LOGOGRAPHE is a kind of charade, in which one word is made to undergo several transformations, and to be significant of several things by addition, subtraction, or substitution of letters. The following, on the word "Cod," by Lord Macaulay, is a good example:

"Cut off my head, how singular I feel!
Cut off my head, and I am a plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? a sounding sea!
What is my tail cut off? a flowing river!
And their forming depths I fearless play,
Parent of softest sounds, though mute forever!"

SOMEbody has discovered that "photograph" is all wrong, and the word ought to be "photogram," on the same principle as "telegram." Of course, on the same principle, we must have "lithogram" instead of "lithograph," and there's good reason for it. The next monogerie that comes along will probably abolish the "graffe," and show us the "gram."

"MARY, who died for you?" asked a parson of a blooming sweet sixteen. "Nobody, as I know on," was the prompt reply. But the parson repeated with zest, "Mary, who died for you?" Mary was irritated, he replied, "Why, nobody, sir, there was Bob Dawson lay bed-ridden for me six months, but folks say he got about again."

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Law me! I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church and hear a popular minister dispense with the Gospel."

The *Portsmouth Chronicle* gives the following as "the reply of a colored gentleman who lives in a neighboring village to an invitation to an evening party": "I respectfully regrets that circumstances repugnant to the intelligence of the lawless reluctantly compel him to decline the invitation."

Special Notices.

Advertisements in this column, twenty cents per line for first insertion, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. No abatement from these rates.

DR. J. P. BRYANT,
THE HEALER.

DR. J. P. BRYANT will continue to HEAL THE SICK by the

Laying on of Hands,

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NO MEDICINES GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations performed!

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DEVOTED TO THE

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And to advocate the Principles of Universal Liberty.

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OF
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A LECTURE,

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BY BENJAMIN TODD.

1. Origin and Character of the Orthodox Devil.
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3. Man's Own Responsibility in Opposition to Vicarious Atonement.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

We will send the above, postage free, on receipt of the price in currency or postage stamps; or copies may be had on personal application at this office.

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A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
FLOWERS,

CULLED FROM THE
GARDEN OF HUMANITY.

A COMPILATION OF
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POEMS.

BY BENJAMIN TODD.

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The Magic Staff. An Autobiography. 12mo. 1 50. 24
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Farnham's Woman and Her Era. 2 vols. 12mo. 3 00. 40
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Gordon's Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism. 12mo. 1 50. 20
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Tuttle's Arcana of Nature; or the History and Laws of Creation. 2 vols. 12mo. 2 60. 40
The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man, Scientific and Considerable. 12mo. 1 50. 20
Webb's Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity. 12mo. 1 50. 20

Any of the above list of books will be furnished to those in the country who desire, on application at this office. The money for the books, and postage, must invariably accompany the order.

CIRCULAR

OF THE
State Central Committee,
APPOINTED BY THE
California State Convention of Spiritualists,
HELD AT SAN JOSE, MAY 25, 26, & 27, 1866.

SIR:—Your name is presented to us as one interested in the advancement of Humanity. As such, you are addressed by the State Central Committee, appointed by the late Convention at San Jose, soliciting your active co-operation.

We, as Rational Spiritualists, interpret the writing upon the wall as significant of the transition period through which we are passing, and that the hour has come for a clear expression of our honest and truthful convictions before the world, and wish to make ourselves more efficient in the great work before us, of building up the Kingdom of Righteousness in the human heart. The evidences are incontrovertible that old religious opinions and ideas are passing away, and that new and higher revelations speak to us in language more potent, more significant, than the world has before heard, by reason of its coming from realms where clearer views and holier truths are attainable. Therefore we should not forget the great facts already developed in the brief history of our beautiful faith, that upon us, as Spiritualists, devolves the labor of shaping the future sentiment of the body politic, and will rest the glory or the shame of the near future of the race. To us is presented the golden opportunity of supplanting error with truth, darkness with light, and superstition with reason and natural law. For this purpose, some systematic effort and concert of action are necessary. In our present isolation from each other, we are but marks at which the religious fire is directed with impunity, and even malignity. We would therefore invite to our ranks all who have true respect for the freedom of the human race, all who can yield obedience to Reason, and are devoted to Truth for its own sake, and believe in Universal Progress.

Within a year, another Convention will be held. It is desirable that you should participate in it. Open a correspondence with the Secretary, and suggest time and place. Give the names of prominent Spiritualists and liberal persons in your vicinity, and state what are the opportunities and encouragements for meetings, if good speakers are desired, and what remuneration will be given them; also, how many copies of the BANNER OF PROGRESS will be subscribed for, and what spiritual or liberal books are called for and can be sold in your neighborhood; and, further, whether a Children's Progressive Lyceum can be organized in your town, and how many children can be induced to join the same.

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EXCELSIOR ART GALLERY,
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(Near Sacramento), San Francisco.

The above new Gallery having been supplied with the latest and most approved Apparatus, and being under the management of experienced and artistic operators, it has an advantage over any other photographic establishment here, and the Proprietors cordially announce to their friends and the public that the work executed at this establishment will be unsurpassed by any other Gallery in San Francisco.

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EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

Each Seance will be preceded by a brief

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Doors opened at 7 o'clock, and closed at 7½, after which time no one will be admitted.

Evening PRIVATE Seances for small parties given by special arrangement.

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MAKES EXAMINATIONS

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Prescribes for All Kinds of Diseases.

Can give examinations of absent friends, and correctly describe their Conditions.

MRS. GRAHAM never fails to give some good test to all those who call on her. Charges moderate in all cases.

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RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER AND SPLEEN DIFFICULTIES, and other derangements of the system, most reliably treated by the life-giving energetic effects of Electro-Magnetic applications, when properly administered; and, in some cases, facilitated very much by the Hot Air and Electro-Medicated Vapor Baths—all of which are now ready at his new rooms, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Ru's House.

N. B.—Terms reasonable, but "COIN" is expected at each treatment, in advance, unless the treatment is gratuitous, to those who are unable to pay. All such, who are deserving, will be attended, agreeable to appointment.

DR. B. STURMAN,

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Is prepared to treat all kinds of Diseases, to which humanity is subject. Female Complaints and the Diseases of Children will be promptly attended to.

N. B.—CANCER and Scirrhus Affections, Diseases of the Eye, and those of a private nature, treated, and a permanent cure insured. And, for the benefit of those who wish it, a private examination by one of the most reliable CLAIRVOYANTS in the State for detecting Diseases in the system, and prescribing for the same, under the supervision of medical science and experience combined, can be had at the Doctor's office at any time during office hours, from 9 to 10 A. M., and 3 to 7 P. M.

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FROM PACIFIC STREET WHARF,
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THROUGH TO HAYWARD'S BY BOAT AND CARS.

Only Twelve Miles from Warm Springs.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THE HOUR

of departure, except on Sundays, will be as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO. ALAMEDA

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM has been adjourned for a four weeks' vacation.

A Receipt for Buckwheat Cakes.

Do, dear Jane, mix up the cakes:
Four the water in the pot;
Be careful that 'tis not too hot.
Sift the meal well through your hand;
Thicken well—don't let it stand.
Still quick—dash—delicious—
O, what a light, delicious—
Now listen to the next command:
On the dresser let it stand
Just the time of an hour,
To feel the gentle rising power
Of powders melted into yeast.
To lighten well the precious feast.
See how it rises to the brim—
Quick! take the ladle, dip it in,
So let it rest, until the fire
The griddle heats as you desire.
Be careful that the coals are glowing—
No smoke around, no white curls throwing.
Apply the egg, softly, lightly—
The griddle's heat shines more brightly.
Now pour the batter on—delicious!
(Don't dare fear, think me officious!)
But lift the tender edges slightly.
Turn it over, quickly, sprightly.
"The done—now on the white plate lay it,
And to the breakfast-room convey it."
Smoking hot, with butter spread—
Go through to get your share.
Now I have eaten—thank the farmer
That grows this luscious, luscious charmer!
Y-e-e, thanks to all the folks that make
Such nice, delicious buckwheat cakes!

From the Children's Voice.

Cheerful Hearts and Willing Hands.

It was a cheerless night at the cottage of poor Mrs. Nettleton—cheerless, for the wind moaned like a spirit wandering in darkness, and the rain came in fitful dashes against the window panes, as if to mock the sadness of the little group within. A few months before, death had entered the cot and taken the husband and father. Then Misfortune, Death's twin brother, had followed in his footsteps until the little fortune and unperturbed home, their last resource, had passed into other hands. And to-day the grasping owner had given them notice that in three months he should take possession there, and they must seek a home elsewhere.

To the mother, three months was very near, for here she had passed the happiest days of her life, and to surrender so soon the ties that bound her to that loved spot was indeed a struggle; but to the hopeful children it seemed a great way off. Sweet-tempered and cheerful, they did much to bring light and hope to her fainting heart by their words of trusting love.

"What will become of us, my poor children, I do not know. If I was only well, I could dare and do anything for your sakes; but now we can only trust in Him who has been our stay through all our trials."

"Don't cry, mother," said Jamie, the eldest of the four; "of course we'll trust in God, and here's a big pair of hands I shall trust in, too," and he proudly displayed a pair of hands unused to labor, and straightened himself to his utmost height to prove the truthfulness of his words by his manly proportions.

"Here's another pair, ma," said May, holding up for her mother's inspection two finely moulded, girlish hands.

"Here's two more, mother," cried Billy, a bright-eyed boy of twelve; "I'm most a man, too." And the mother smiled a sickly smile at what seemed the vain boasts of her beloved children.

"And here's two more pairs," said Mrs. Templeton, taking in her own thin hands those of her six-year-old Netty—"and six months to feed, and medicine to buy, and at Christmas nowhere to lay our heads."

"Three sturdy beggars, aren't we, mother—May, Billy, and I? We'll form ourselves into a club and advertise as the Nettleton Begging-Troupe, right from Papa. Won't we create a sensation, though? May with her ozy cheeks, and Billy and I, plump and hearty!" shouted Jamie, with well-feigned mirth.

"Be happy while you can, my dears; it's better to laugh than cry, and we'll hope for the best," said the despairing mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONS who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live near them.

"WE'RE you guarded in your conduct while in New York," said a father to his son, who had just returned home from the city. "Yes, sir, part of the time by two policemen."

CONSEQUENCES and accidents are the result of God's laws. And God and law have the same significance.

WHEN is the best time to study the book of nature? When autumn turns the leaves.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

S. F. AND S. J. R. R.

ON and AFTER THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1866, (and further notices), Trains will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS leave SAN FRANCISCO from the New Depot, junction of Market and Valencia streets, for San Jose and Way Stations at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS, Freight Trains with Passenger cars attached leave San Francisco as above daily, (Sundays excepted) at 1:00 P. M. Freight received at corner of Ninth and Market streets. Leave San Jose at 4:00 A. M.

Excursion tickets issued on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS and SUNDAYS, good for return until MONDAY MORNING ONLY.

H. M. NEWHALL, President.

R. P. HAMMOND, Sup't.

SAN PABLO AND SAN QUENTIN FERRY.

Through to San Rafael and Point Isabel.

FROM VALLEJO AND DAVIS STREETS.

THE FAVORITE STEAMER.

CONTRA COSTA.

CAPTAIN.....JOHN T. MCKENZIE.

Will leave as follows:

SAN QUENTIN.....POINT ISABEL.....SAN FRANCISCO.....

Connecting with Stages for San Rafael, Olinda, Tiburon, and Bolinas, in Marin county; and also with San Francisco for further particulars, apply to the Captain on board, or to

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THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

BORN.

In this city, March 18th, to the wife of W. H. Raye, a son. In this city, March 19th, to the wife of S. C. Seelig, a daughter. In Jackson, March 19th, to the wife of J. Burke, a daughter. In Nevada, March 14th, to the wife of Rev. D. A. Dryden, a daughter. In C. H. Nevada, March 13th, to the wife of F. G. Conroy, a son. In Nevada, March 11th, to the wife of F. Donnan, a son. In Watsonville, March 8th, to the wife of Dr. H. P. Swain, a daughter. At Scott's Bar, Feb. 25th, to the wife of G. A. Hicks, a son. At Scott's Bar, Feb. 23d, to the wife of C. H. Pyle, a daughter. At Fort Jones, Feb. 22d, to the wife of J. W. Mitchell, a son. In Scott Valley, Feb. 22d, to the wife of R. W. Billa, a son. At Nimeshew, Butte county, March 4th, to the wife of G. Brooks, a son. In Sacramento, March 6th, to the wife of C. L. Souder, a daughter. In Placer county, March 13th, to the wife of J. Q. Baxter, a daughter. In Colusa county, March 4th, to the wife of Rev. H. Hamilton, a daughter. In Green Valley, El Dorado county, March 17th, to the wife of Quirt Hill, Shasta county, March 13th, to the wife of S. Albino, a daughter.

MARRIED.

"O married love!—each heart shall own,
When two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chains bind with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright."

In this city, March 16th, H. Schreiner to Sophia von Roon. In this city, March 17th, Henry Hovet to Mary Hovet. In this city, March 17th, Louis Seelter to Anna Michel. In this city, March 16th, Frederick Schollenberger to Mrs. Jennie Michel. In this city, March 17th, Isaac Schlesinger, of Los Angeles, to Mary Rose, of this city. In Mariposa county, March 3d, L. O. Sharp to Fannie W. Smith. In Grass Valley, March 13th, J. Saturn to Maggie Dooley. In Sacramento, March 12th, James Pennycook to Carrie A. George. In Colusa county, March 14th, W. C. Randolph to Mary C. Ault. In Marysville, March 14th, D. E. Arnold to Florence A. Craft.

DEPARTED.

"Death is not dreadful; to a mind resolved,
It seems as natural as the dawn;
Man makes a death, which Nature never made."

Near Grass Valley, March 13th, Mrs. Mary T. Thomason, aged 12 years, died of this city. In Sacramento, March 13th, Oliver Franklin Meadows, aged 6 years and 6 months, died of this city. In Sacramento, March 13th, Mrs. Maria Falkenberg, aged 45 years, died of this city. In Lincoln, March 10th, infant child of Thomas Phillips. In Oakland, March 19th, Adelia Alice Sheffield, aged 18 years, died of this city. In this city, March 19th, Margaret, wife of Thomas Spooner, a native of County Roscommon, Ireland, aged 36 years. In Sacramento, March 18th, Benjamin F. Boutelle, a native of Albany, N. Y., aged 26 years. In this city, March 18th, Eugene Elbert, infant son of of Robert E. and Kate Masters.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

THROUGH LINE TO NEW YORK,

CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL.

LEAVES FOLSOM STREET WHARF AT

ON the following dates for PANAMA,

connecting via PANAMA RAILROAD with one of the

Company's steamers for NEW YORK:

On the 10th, 13th and 20th of each month that has 31 days.

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Lecturers' Appointments and Addresses

IN CALIFORNIA.

Benjamin Todd will preach for the Friends of Progress every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Bush street, until further notice. John Allen will answer calls to lecture on the Science and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Address, San Francisco. Mrs. C. M. Stowe, trance speaker, and clairvoyant physician. Address, San Jose. Mrs. A. J. Foye, lectures every Thursday evening at Fraternity Hall, Market street, on the Phenomena of Spiritualism; and gives practical demonstrations of the same.

IN THE ATLANTIC STATES.

J. Madison Allen, trance and inspirational speaker. C. Fannie Allen, Middleboro, Mass. Mrs. N. K. Andrews, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Geo. W. Atwood, trance speaker, Weymouth Landing, Mass. Dr. J. T. Ames, lecturer upon Physiology and Spiritualism, 2001, Rochester. Charles A. Andrus, Flushing, Mich., attends funerals, and lectures upon reforming.

Mrs. Sarah B. Byrnes, Salem, Mass., during January; William, during February; in Somers, Conn., during April. Address, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. A. C. Brown, trance speaker, Mass., every other Sunday, until further notice. Address, Ware, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, trance speaker, Mass., every other Sunday. Mrs. H. P. Brown, P. O. Drawer 5815, Chicago, Ill. H. H. Blackford, inspirational speaker, Charlestown, Mass. H. G. Bent, trance speaker, 115 West 12th street, New York.

Mrs. Emma A. Bliss, 250 North Second street, Troy, N. Y. Rev. Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass. Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill. Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill. Dr. J. K. Bailey, Quincy, Ill.

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SELF-INTEREST

THE GREAT MOTIVE POWER.

GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD; SEEK men in the various positions, spheres, and conditions of life, and from the highest to the lowest, with one voice, of one accord, the oft-repeated "Self-interest is the Great Motive Power" will greet you. Yet, what a contradiction in terms, and in fact, is this bugbear when narrowed down to a practical test! While theological lore, with its attendant bigotry, superstition, cant and hypocrisy is sought, by reason of enlightening fashions, by some in all classes; while every man believes himself a thorough bred jurist, fitted for the highest position within the gift of the